Around the Hearthstone.

GROWING OLD.

The fairest lilies droop at eventide,
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem;
The rarest things on earth cannot abide,
And we are passing, too, away like them;
We're growing old.

We had our dreams, those rosy dreams of youth;
They faded, and 'twas well. This afterprime
Hath brought us fuller hopes; and yet, forsooth,
We drop a tear now in this later time
To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past—
A saddened smile, almost akin to pain.
Those high desires, those purposes so vast,
Ah! our poor hearts! they cannot come again;
We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this earth is, too;
Old wine is best, maturest fruit most sweet;
Much have we lost, more gained, although 'tis true
We tread life's way with most uncertain feet;
We're growing old.

We move along, and scatter as we pace,
Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand:
At last, with gray-streaked hair and hollow face,
We step across the boundary of the land
Where none are old.
—Atlanta Constitution.

TWO HOUSES, BUT ONE HOME.

Of course the old house had been small. When he came out here from "York State" Bob wondered how he ever could make a house of the size he wanted. And yet he thought and wondered about it very little, for he was brave enough. He had talked it over with his wife, who laughed and sang the whole day long, and said she would be satisfied with any kind of a house he would make. And while he was felling the trees and hewing the ends of them and cutting the notches she fixed a tidy little place not far from the wagon, which had brought them over the mountains, and there she sat and sewed—crying sometimes furtively, for the very silence of it, and then singing in the cheeriest of tones and glancing out in the timber where Bob was chopping sturdily.

They lived in the wagon a month, cooking their meals at a fire on the ground, and eating, they two alone in all the wide forest, such gems of food as her dimpled hands had prepared. And finally the logs were rolled together, ready for the raising, and she sat there by the fire with Bob one night, very happy, and said little while he told her what the future would bring them. Next day was the raising. They owned a whole quarter section of land—four times as much as the richest man back there at Geneseo Corners, in York State, had ever possessed. And they had invited their neighbors to come in and help at the raising to-morrow, and this last night in the woods they sat there and dreamed the beautiful dreams of youth, and love, and perfect healthfulness. There was a little fire and the blaze of it gnawed away on the billets of birch, and the smoke went straight up to the blue sky there above the treetops—just a little way above the treetops, it seemed to them, as they talked about it.

They planned where their cornfield should be, and where they would raise oats and potatoes; and Bob wanted a big field for wheat, which couldn't be raised profitably back in York State.

Early in the morning, even while the chorus of song birds throbbed in the heavy gloom of the shadowy woods, the neighbors began to come. Bob heard them afar off, for the air was still. They called out "Hello!" as they came into his little clearing, one at a time, each bearing an ax, and all nodding in an embarrassed way at the little woman who wanted a home.

Early, was it? But not too early for her. They had not caught Bob's wife napping, and they thought well of her as they noted the order with which her household gods were treasured, even before there was a roof for her head. She made them a cup of coffee and they drank it, for it was good, and she brought it to them herself, and her face was very fair.

They laid the big foundation logs with four huge stones at the corners. They raised the smaller logs on that, and Bob's wife stood awed, for her home was growing, her heart was full and she almost wept with the stress of a thankfulness she never had known before, and her eyes met those of her husband when the first log over the door was laid. And she sang—though very low—all day from very happiness.

There was only a dozen men, but they worked with a will, and the timbers were ready; and the roof of poles was laid and ready for clapboards long before the day was done. They had eaten an excellent dinner, cooked in kettles they meant to tell "their women" about, and eaten from plates which Bob's wife said her grandmother had owned.

They helped Bob with the stable when the house was done and at dark they said "Good night," and shouldered their axes and tramped through the woods. Bob knelt down by his wife that night and put his arm about her and almost prayed—because in the gloom of the silent woods that unmade house looked like a home.

How wonderful it was in the following day when Bob rived the clapboards and spread them on and weighted them down against the force of a storm and hewed the timbers for the floors and "chinked" the cracks in the walls and swung a door for her! How wonderful it was when Bob's wife brought in her things and chose the corner for her cookstove and spread her treasures as fast as the floor was made! How wonderful it was when the house was completed and they sat one Sabbath morning and knew that God had given them all they wanted in the world!

This was thirty years ago. Bob has come to be called Old Bob, and the house the pioneers built for them that far-away day had come to be much too small, even with the additions time and ability had given to it. And here was the new house, ready and waiting. The carpenters had gone, the lathers and plasterers had taken their tools away, the painters had vanished. And Bob and his wife might move up into the new house whenever they wanted. Indeed, Betty, the youngest girl—and the only one left at home—declared the moving was done. Certainly carpets were down in every room in the new house—most of them "boughten" carpets, though Bob's wife had insisted she wanted rag carpets upstairs and in the bedrooms, and the homely but substantial "hit-and-miss" of her hand loom had been used there.

Certainly there was new furniture—fresh from town, with swinging mirrors on the bureaus, and wire mattresses on the beds. Certainly there was an organ in one room and place for a piano in another and a big, high clock that chimed stood on the marble mantel.

But Bob and his wife stood about down there by the old house, not talking much, but just looking across the creek, and both thinking.

"The wagon stood right about here when I was notching the logs," said Bob, stepping it off and looking about in an effort to reconstruct that forest picture.

"And I sat here on a sheepskin that you had spread over a log," said Bob's wife, finding her place in the picture.

"And all that meadowland was one deep swamp," said Bob; "and back here on the hill was woods, and the road runs right where I never thought it could run at the beginning, but that was because the woods were here. Now there isn't an acre of timber on the quarter section."

"And when they got the new house up I hung our curtains at the windows," said Bob's wife.

"Yes," said Bob, "curtains that you had woven on your mother's loom; and you had rugs for the floor and comforts for the bed and all sorts of things for the kitchen—though I don't see how you contrived them."

They had gone to the door of the old house and were looking in. At the place where the fireplace used to burn they let their fancy run, and there was no modern stove with its unpoetic hearth.

"Dan's cradle stood right over there," said Bob's wife, and she almost started forward to rock it—for the mother instinct welled up again with the thrill of her youth.

"And little Letty's coffin stood right here," said Bob, as he drew again the somber picture of that earlier day.

"And here stood Ellen when she married her man," said Bob's wife, retreating a handbreadth may be, for even in the gathering gloom she felt the displacing effect of that daughter's aggrandizement.

"And there by the stump of the wild cherry tree George told me he wouldn't do it," said Bob. And through the pain of the reflection struck the sense of satisfaction, for George came back one time, and placed himself without reserve under the dominion of his father.

So they stood there as the stars came out, these two old people, shutting their eyes to the details of to-day, and trying to see no more than the gracious sweep of a golden morning. They went over the times when the orchard was planted, the trees being carried across the woods, and held by her while Bob packed earth about their tender roots, and blessed them with honest hopes of his labor.

They remembered the time when they dug the well, and how long it took them to learn that the water was better than that from the spring. They erased the big barns from the present picture and remembered the shelter of poles and straw and earth that made their stock all comfortable in those distant winters. They spoke of this and that addition to the first log house, but they kept its outlines in their mind. From this window they used to hear the wolves. From that they saw Andrew ride home from the war, one arm in a sling. Through this door came the first preacher who blessed the neighborhood. And through that trooped for a score of blessed years the sun-browned feet of growing childhood.

They followed the course of the years, in which that frost had melted away, and saw the widening sweep of their tillable land and the growing barns and the flocks and herds, and the manifold wealth of the prosperous farmer. Then they turned to the new house. However loving and neighborly the hands that had helped at "the raising," they knew it was a service different from that of the rough-looking men who came in the gloom of early morning with axes on their shoulders and called a bashful "Hello!" All the neighbors had come, it is true, and numbers of women had come over at noon to help "Bob's folks" with the dinner—though there was little need of that now when vigorous Betty had charge of the work, and her mother need really do nothing—though she was busy constantly.

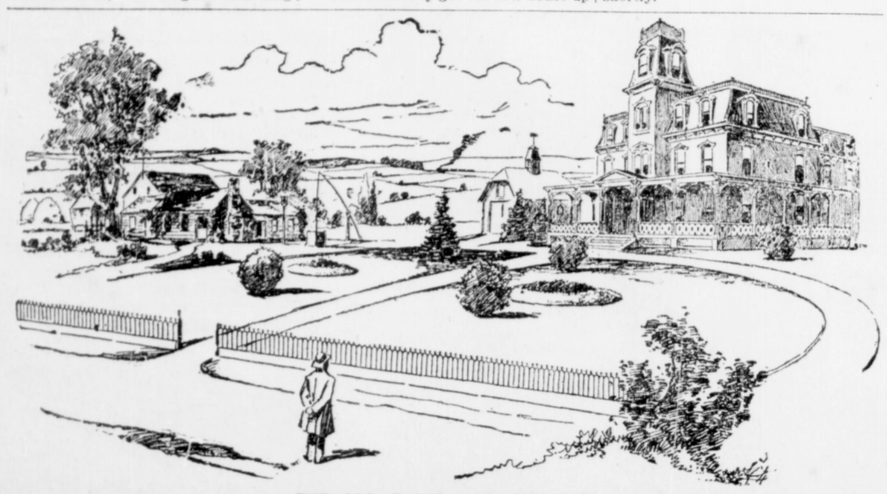
The timbers had been hauled home from the modern sawmills, and were lying ready to hand. The earth was digged up for a mighty cellar. Foundation rocks lay all about the spaces set aside for the home. All the neighbors were there, but a boss carpenter had charge of the work, and he regarded the presence of the neighbors as something of an intrusion. He understood they meant well and intended it as an expression of kindliness for Bob and his family, but men not bred to the carpenter's trade were less of help than they might be, anyway.

The frame house was "raised" and the neighbors had gone. The carpenters had completed it, the lathers and the plasterers and the painters had gone away. There had been a whole spring full of preparation and there stood Bob—old Bob—and his wife at the threshold of the old house, looking up at the new.

It was all they had dreamed—and much more. It was taller and finer and fuller of ornament than they had ever planned. It had furnishings not the wildest fancy could have provided in the old days. It had ornaments rare enough for kings and chairs too sumptuous to sit upon. It was a palace!

They had moved from the old house up into the new. They had taken everything along. Bob expected to use the log cabin as a toolhouse. They had left nothing behind. And yet they missed something as they went into the newer place. They tried to conjure up that spirit of perfect proprietorship, that sense of dominion with which they entered the cabin in the dusk of the first evening. They tried to realize this later and more difficult conquest of difficulty. But they could not. And they sat in the chairs and slept on the beds and ate at a table with an unreasoning and uncomfortable sense of loss.

In the new house Bob and his wife were away from home.—Chicago Chronicle.



THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.

Rudeness Rebuked.

It is human nature to rejoice when a churl is taught a forcible lesson in politeness, and the more the rebuke is deserved the more will the lookers-on rejoice at the guilty man's discomfiture. A case in point occurred at the custom house at one of the ports of entry on the great lakes.

The inspectors were very courteous, and had been making only superficial examinations of the trunks and bags of the passengers, all but one of whom appreciated this leniency enough to render the inspectors all possible aid in their work. The exception was a young Englishman, dressed in the height of fashion, who seemed to regard the inspectors as personal enemies.

When his turn came, the inspector said: "Have you a trunk, sir?"

"That's my trunk," he answered, shortly.

"Will you kindly open it?"

"Open it yourself!" As he spoke he threw his keys down on the top of the trunk, and looked at the inspector with a most insulting expression.

The inspector said never a word, but in ominous silence picked up the keys, opened the trunk, and began the examination of its contents. Beginning with the tray, he went straight through the trunk, taking out and opening everything he found. He unrolled and separated every pair of socks, unfolded every piece of underwear, and shook out and explored the pockets of all the neatly folded coats and trousers. When he had completely emptied the trunk, he "checked" it and moved on to the next, leaving the dude's entire wardrobe in a heap on the floor.

The dude stood looking doubtfully at him for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Here, you, who's going to put these things back?"

"Put 'em back yourself!" answered the inspector, without looking around. This the foolish fellow had to do, while the crowd laughed.

Courtship Among Birds.

Courtships exist among the birds as well as among human beings, and in both cases form one of the most serious and necessary businesses of life; but there is at least one very remarkable difference, for while among human beings women sport the gayer and more gorgeous costume in order to attract the other sex, among birds that rule is reversed, and it is the males who are arrayed in the brighter and gayer plumage, and who take every opportunity of showing off to the best advantage before the birds they wish to mate with.

In the case of the bluebird, the male lover will perch a few inches away from his enslaver, and attempt to bewitch her with the sweetness of his song. His low, soft warble is a delicious bit of love-pleading, which ought to soften the most obdurate heart, but the female is coy, and flouts him.

Coming nearer, and slightly elevating and quivering his wings, he bows in front of her, all the while pleading in an impassioned manner, and, then raising himself, puffs out his breast and stalks in front of her.

His song then takes a more virile strain, and he boasts of his prowess in the fields. Anon he turns his back and calls her attention to his beautiful blue coat.

Again he turns and points to the beauty of his scarlet vest, and this last argument (how deadly is a red coat in all courtships!) proves effective, and the fair one yields.

The courting of the peacock is not so pleasing in voice, but he proceeds much in the same way in the plumage argument.

He spreads out his beautiful tail to its greatest extent, and, holding his head far back, strolls round in a circle so as best to display its beauties from all points of view.

The Tomato Sausage.

The newest market novelty is the tomato sausage. It is made in a domestic way at Portland; it is a delicate pinkish white and tastes of sage and ripe tomatoes. It has made quite a hit in that city and surrounding towns.

Overestimated.

Green—I think that magician very much overestimated.

Back—Why so?

"I asked him to change a $10 bill for me to-day and, do you know, he couldn't do it."—Yonkers Statesman.

The greatest men are those who learn the most by the fewest experiences.

Eat

Naturally, have a good appetite, keep your blood pure and your nerves strong by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c.

MISHAP TO A SMUGGLER.

A Cab Runs Over Him and Betrays an Ingenious Device.

Near one of the gates leading into Paris an old man of stout proportions was seen a day or two ago wending his way, when a cab, driven at great speed, approached, and, as the man paid no attention to the warning cry of the Jehu, he was knocked down, and the vehicle passed over his body, to the consternation of the spectators.

A crowd gathered around the venerable individual, who lay on the ground, not in a pool of blood, but in one of oil. The hero of this misadventure, who had only been slightly stunned by the shock, soon rose to his feet, with profuse thanks for all the sympathy and compassion which his accident had elicited, and then, disregarding further offers of assistance, began to shuffle off as fast as his legs could carry him.

One of the eye witnesses of this curious scene went up to an employe of the octroi and gave an account of the episode, upon which the official, running after the victim of the accident, extended to him a polite invitation to rest in his office.

"I assure you that I am not hurt," exclaimed the old gentleman, who displayed great anxiety to take himself off.

"So much the better," replied the employe, "but I want to have a little talk with you all the same."

Some gentle force was required to induce the corpulent one to enter the office, but once there he was made to undress, when he was found to be almost a skeleton. He had between his waistcoat and his shirt a skin receptacle which was capable of containing from six to seven liters of liquid. On this particular occasion it had been filled with oil, and, while it had saved the bearer from severe injury, it had betrayed him, and he was removed to the depot at the prefecture of police amid the laughter of the people who had witnessed the accident.

A quantity of receptacles of the kind described have been found at his dwelling, and another individual has already been arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice. It need scarcely be added that the oil was thus introduced into Paris with the object of evading the octroi dues. As a matter of fact, all sorts of devices are employed by persons who make a specialty of this fraud, but it is not often that a culprit is detected in these tragi-comic circumstances.—London Telegraph.

Navigation on the Mississippi.

This country, to people who have not looked into the matter, does not figure as a large owner of floating property outside of war vessels and those attached to the revenue and lighthouse service, but a recent careful estimate shows that on one part of the Mississippi River the nation owns over 1,000 craft of different kinds. That is the stretch between New Orleans and Cairo, and the value of the vessels and their outfit for riprap, revetment and levee work does not fall much below $6,000,000. When the work is rushing there are at times 10,000 men employed on the vessels and in connection with the tasks assigned them.

Returned.

"Did you send Miss Hawkins a valentine, Busby?"

"Yes; but she sent it back. Ever since she took an editorial position on the Social Gazette she's been doing things like that. Force of habit."—Harper's Bazar.

Product of a Walnut Tree.

In the Baidar Valley, near Balaklava, in the Crimea, there stands a walnut tree which must be at least 1,000 years old. It yields annually from 80,000 to 100,000 nuts, and is the property of five Tartar families, who share its products equally.

Wanted Them to Make Jelly.

An Arkansas farmer recently wrote to an Eastern florist for some electric plant seed—"them kind what has such powerful currents. My old woman wants to use 'em for makin' gely."—Washington Times.

When a girl writes a letter to another girl, she thinks she is bound by courtesy to extend an invitation to make her a visit.

AN APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the glands that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use, if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

Some St. Louis physicians insist that the anti-toxine treatment will cure the consumption as well as the diphtheria.

The Scientific American states that only one person out of every fifteen has eyes of equal strength; also that only one out of ten has the left eye stronger than the right.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Waterbrash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa?

Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."
ACKER MEDICINE CO., 15 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, Blood in Urine. A positive cure. Pamphlet sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

No Cabinet Bikes.

The ladies of the cabinet
Are weeping briny tears,
And sounds like those of martyrs' cries
Fall on the nation's ears.

A shadow as of blasted hopes
Has fallen on their lives,
And they regret with might and main
That they are cabinet wives.

Because, forsooth, the president
Has stated that he feels
It's not the proper thing for them
To fly around on wheels.

And anything he says must be
The law in Washington;
A single word from him's the Ten
Commandments bunched in one.

He knows the streets of Washington
Have power to entice
The bikesters, till they think they're on
The streets of paradise.

And yet, despite this charm, he says
They must not ride. Alack!
Are women cowards not to hit
The tyrant in the back?

They do not raise a hand to strike.
Their courage is a clam.
Ye gods! And do our women think
"Sic semper" is a sham?"

It must be so. We only hear
These ladies weep and wail
As every woman tamely hangs
Her bloomers on a nail.
—New York Sun.

A Great Gain.

The latest estimate of illiterates over 10 years of age in the United States is 6,324,702, or 13.3 per cent of the whole population. This is a large number, but as the proportion in 1890 was 17 per cent, the public schools of the country may be complimented on their solid growth in usefulness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Echo of the Truckee Smash-Up

Many Will Recall This Sad Affair Which Happened in 1892.

Mr. H. Watkins, of This City, Who Was Injured in the Wreck Tells of His Terrible Sufferings and Final Cure.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. H. Watkins lives at 2008 Geary street, San Francisco. He is a railway postal clerk, and has been in that business for years. When seen at his home he gladly told his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He narrates the facts leading up to his trying them, the benefits he has enjoyed by their use and the results of recommending them to others.

He said: "I have suffered from rheumatism for years. At times I have been so bad that I could not raise my arms over my head. No one had worse rheumatism than I had. I got it first in the Truckee smash-up. I was laid on the snow in the wreck and then taken to the railroad hospital. Ever since then I have suffered at times terribly, that is to say, up till a year ago. Once at Redlands, in San Bernardino county, I thought I should die, and at Promontory I was so crippled that I had to be carried to the mail car. No one who has not had it can understand the agony. I was not able to get out of bed at times. I had to crawl on hands and knees from the bedroom to the kitchen.

"Occasionally when I tried to rise in the morning the pains would seize me and I had to be caught to prevent my falling. I tried every kind of medicine. The only thing that helped me at all up to a year ago was some fearful stuff an old Mormon gave me when I was taken down in Utah. It was horrible stuff to take and only eased me for a short time.

"About a year ago I went into the 'No Percentage Pharmacy,' on Market street. While I was there an old man named Cowen, of Vallejo Junction, came in. He told me he was going to get Pink Pills for his rheumatism. I told him if they could do him good they might help me too. He had been up to Byron Springs and was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. The doctors told him just as they had told me, that medicine would do him no good. Well, I didn't give up. I am a young man and you would not expect me to give myself up as a hopeless rheumatic at my age. I was ready to try anything. I bought two or three boxes of the pills and began to take them. The way in which they took hold of me was simply wonderful. I did not take many of the pills either, and of course, I am careful not to expose myself. I have never been lame since and have never lost a night's sleep from rheumatism. I recommended the pills to my friends and I have yet to hear from the first one who has not been benefited. As for myself, I would gladly make affidavit to the good they have done me, in fact I am only too happy to do so, for I cannot say too much for the benefit I have received.

"Going through Vallejo Junction on my train one day I saw the old gentleman, Mr. Cowen, and I called out to him 'how are the Pink Pills.' He replied they are fine.'

"I was down in Los Angeles and called upon a postal clerk, a friend of mine. He told me that his wife was a great sufferer from rheumatism. I told her to try the Pink Pills, and now there is no one in Los Angeles who thinks more of the pills than Mrs. Carr, that is her name. I don't think she had rheumatism quite so badly as I, but she was just as anxious to get rid of it, and she is just as grateful to be well again.

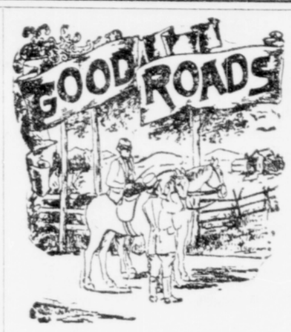
"I always keep a box of the pills handy just in case I should need them, though my wife will tell you how rarely I use them now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitaiton of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

It is now claimed that foods stored in an atmosphere of carbolic acid gas are preserved indefinitely, the freshness and flavor being retained better than by the use of dangerous antiseptices or of ice.

Oxalate of lime is found in the bark of trees. The strange discovery has recently been made by Dr. Kraus, in Germany, showing that there is a steady loss of these crystals during the winter season.

Over 300,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various parts of the world. Of these, butterflies are among the very rarest, as less than twenty specimens all told, have been found.



Keeps the Roads Smooth.

The smoothness of European roads is due in great measure to the use of wide tires. In France every wagon and market cart is a road maker. The width of the tires there runs from three to ten inches, most four-wheeled vehicles having a six-inch rim, and a rear axle several inches longer than the front axle. In Germany, where the main roads are models of smoothness, every wagon for heavy loads must have at least a four-inch tire. Even the light vehicles are required to use tires not less than two and one-half inches wide. The laws of Austria require wagons, built to carry loads of more than two and one-quarter tons, to have tires not less than four and one-half inches wide, and if the wagons are intended for loads of more than three and one-half tons the tires must be six and one-quarter inches wide. In Switzerland the width must not be less than one inch to each draught animal. Wagons for the transportation of heavy articles must have tires of not less than six inches.—St. Louis Republic.

The Public Highways.

The question of good roads is pressing itself more and more on the attention of the public. During the past few weeks there have been no less than three conventions held to consider this matter—a State convention at Richmond, Va., a State convention at Columbia, S. C., and the National Road Congress which assembled in Atlanta.

The subject of good roads appeals to the whole public. At the north and wherever there is a large population the question is a very simple one—merely a matter of organization and enthusiasm. But where the population is sparse the question is surrounded by immense and almost insurmountable difficulties unless public opinion can be prevailed on to perceive—and that clearly—that the interests of the State are involved.

It is an easy matter for some counties to make permanent improvements, but in counties where the population is sparse and where there is no considerable aggregation of capital, the question of good roads takes the shape of a very serious and difficult problem. So that while some communities have the means to carry on permanent road improvements from year to year, other communities, less fortunate in that respect, will be compelled to let matters run on pretty much as they have been running, unless, indeed, public sentiment so crystallizes as to compel legislation on the subject.

Just when and how this is to be brought about it would be difficult to say. The public highways have been neglected for so many years—or worse than neglected under our deplorably bad system—that bad roads have come to be regarded as a necessary evil. The cost that they entail on the public and the losses that are sustained by both producers and buyers, are beyond computation. As this cost and these losses fall on the public at large, irrespective of county boundaries, trades or profession, the question would seem to invite general legislation for the benefit of the whole State.

If the improvements that are necessary were to be made at once the question would be settled in the negative. It would be out of the power of the people to engage in the affair. But it is not necessary. In this respect the people, if they move in the matter at all, will have to follow the example of other countries and other communities. They will have to go slow, in order not only to keep down the average of taxation, but to give a solid and a permanent character to the work that is done.

Slow and sure is not a bad motto in any enterprise or in any line of business, and it is especially applicable to the matter of road improvement. A mile of permanent roadway built every year would, in the course of time, give a splendid system of public roads, and would nearly double the value of the taxable property of the State, to say nothing of the money that would be saved to the producers as well as to the consumers.

This question, like all other questions of public importance, has its ramifications, and in one way and another, it affects the interests of every man, woman and child in the State. In spite of this—or, perhaps, by reason of it—it is a very difficult problem to solve. If it is ever solved the solution must necessarily be the result of State legislation; and this is a very delicate matter. There is one reform, however, in regard to which public sentiment is rapidly crystallizing, and as this has to do with the road question it may be briefly referred to here. It is the belief on the part of the people of all classes that it would be better for the State convicts to be set to work improving the roads than to hire them out to compete with free labor. This reform is now ready to seize upon the Legislature and make itself heard.

Cheapest Postage.

The popular idea, even among well informed persons, is that Japan has the cheapest postal system in the world; a letter can be conveyed to any part of that kingdom for 2 sen, equivalent to about three-fifths of an American cent. In reality, however, the Indian empire takes the palm for cheapness. Post cards there cost 1 farthing each, letters are sent for 1 halfpenny each, newspapers up to an ounce and a quarter in weight for one-eighth of a penny and books and patterns 3 farthings for four ounces, or threepence per pound.

A Sudden Lameness.

The man who is extremely learned, but who has no common sense, is no great rarity in Germany, and is occasionally satirized in the comic press. The Lustige Blatter represents a great professor saying to his doctor, whom he meets in the street:

"I don't know what is the matter with me, doctor. I am perpetually limping to-day. Do you think it is locomotor ataxia?"

"Why, professor," says the doctor, "you are walking with one foot on the curbstone and one in the gutter!"

Talk about some men being poor at relating anecdotes; did you ever hear a woman try?

Girls, there are few men worth the attention and hard work necessary to catch them.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Dr. Erich Langheld announced at the international physicians' congress at Wiesbaden that he has discovered a new remedy for tuberculosis, which he has named antimicrobia.

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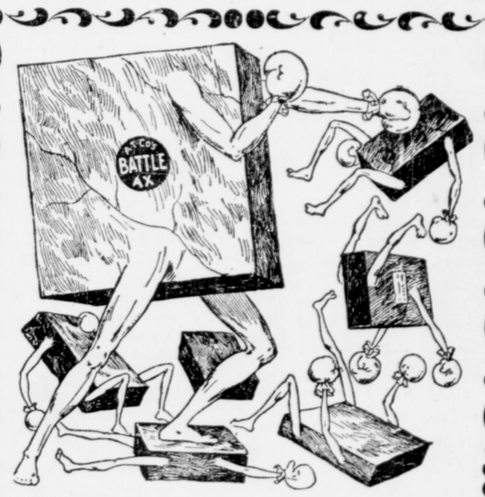

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